

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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NOW that Bud and Cyn and Lad had improved in their writing so much, they didn't really mind it at all any more. But no sooner had they learned to like writing than they decided that they didn't like arithmetic.

"Writing is sort of fun," said Bud. "But what good is arithmetic?"

So they told Miss Anne, who lived next door. They always told her everything.

"What do you dislike about it?" she wanted to know.

"Everything," answered Bud and Cyn.

"The times tables," wailed Lad, the youngest of the trio.

Then Lad showed Miss Anne how she did her times tables. She had worked out a system all her own. First, she put down all the times marks, twelve of them in an up and down row. Then she put down the equal marks, twelve of them. Then the other numbers, each column at a time, counting on her fingers for the answers.

"My goodness, no wonder you hate it," laughed Miss Anne. "Doing it that way is no fun. But let's forget about the old arithmetic, and talk about something pleasant."

They all squeezed into the porch swing and told her about the Mother Goose Lane that the school was having to raise money for the Fresh Air Farm.

"We're to be three cats," stated Bud.

"And sell lemonade out of a well—" added Cyn.

"You know,—'Pussy's in the well. Who put her in'?" finished Lad.

"But we don't know what to do about the costumes!" sighed Cyn. "Daddy said we could buy or rent 'em, but there just aren't any cat costumes in this whole town."

"Maybe I can help. I'd be glad to," smiled Miss Anne. "Mrs. Botts lets me use her sewing machine, and I believe I could manufacture something to suit. What kind of cats do you want to be?"

"Black ones with white spots

Just Sisters

By Helen Diehl Olds

Part Two

WHEN THE THREE WERE CATS

and long, long tails," Bud gave the answer promptly.

"All alike?" Miss Anne seemed a bit surprised.

"Oh, yes, we don't mind being dressed alike for cats."

But all the time, every day and Sundays—oh, they did get so tired of being dressed alike, always three blue dresses, or three yellow ones, or three red ones. It hardly seemed loyal to Daddy, who bought their clothes, to admit how much they did hate it.

"Run over and ask Becky to let you have a suit of each of your winter underwear," said Miss Anne, and Lad, being the official runner of errands, sped off.

Miss Anne got out her tape measure. It was a tiny metal turtle and when you

pulled his head, out came a skinny yellow tape measure, like a long neck. When you let go, his long neck whizzed back into his metal shell. Miss Anne measured all the suits up and down and across and then wrote figures on a slip of paper.

"Tomorrow, we'll go shopping," she announced. "Tell your Daddy that we want to borrow the money for the costumes, and that we'll pay it back out of the profits, after the Mother Goose Lane is over."

It was fun shopping with Miss Anne. They met her at the big department store, after she was through with her work in the big office building where she wrote on a typewriting machine all day. At last, she found just the right sort of soft, plushy, kitteny materials — black and white—for the costumes.

"Let's see," mused Miss Anne, stroking the stuff as though it were a real live kitty. She consulted her little slips of paper and a pink envelope that was a pattern. "Size seven—that's you, Lad—takes three yards of the black. Three yards at fifty cents. How much will that be, Lad?"

Lad regarded Miss Anne with blinking eyes, and was mute.

"You must tell me how much your goods costs before I buy it," decided Miss Anne, "every one of you." She handed them three little slips of paper. Bud's said, "Three and three-quarters yards"; Cyn's said, "Three and one-half yards"; and Lad's said, "Three yards."

Cyn and Bud leaned upon the counter, sitting on the twisting, twirling stools and did their problems right off. But Lad simply couldn't.

"It's the three-times table," whispered Cyn, helpfully.

"But I'd have to write 'em all to find out," Lad mourned. "And the paper's too small."

"Well, I'll buy it this time, Lad," cheered Miss Anne, "but you must tell me how much the cost is before I finish it."

"Oh, I will," promised Lad.

That very evening, she hunted



"Daddy and Miss Anne and Becky said the 'Pussy in the Well' booth was the best of all."

up her old home work, and learned the three times table off until she could have said them backwards. It had hurt to have Cyn and Bud work the problems of "How much" so fast. That was the trouble with being the youngest. The others always did things better, even to climbing trees. Why, by the time she had followed them up a certain tree, panting and breathless, they were shinnying down and doing something else—and she would have to hurry on her fat legs to catch up. She determined to learn all the times tables as far as they had gone in school. It would come in handy next time Miss Anne asked any of those embarrassing questions about how much. Miss Anne had seemed a teeny bit provoked when she could not tell her how much her own costume was to cost.

And wasn't Lad proud when she brought home a red "Very Good" on her arithmetic paper to show the others. Daddy was pleased, too.

Miss Anne had the costumes finished in plenty of time for the Mother Goose Lane, which was to take place the last Saturday in May. The costumes were most cat-like—all black, except for a round white spot underneath each plushy, kitteny throat. They had their own faces, peeping out, of course. Their paws were embroidered, and their ears were perky, sticky-up ones. Real whiskers and long, long tails completed the get-up. Miss Anne had wired the tails so they'd stand up like a question mark.

"Just like Felix, the crazy-cat in the funny paper," squealed Lad, and tried to arch her back, cat-fashion.

Cyn spent hours with her ear to the real kitten's chest, listening to it purr and using it for her own model until she could purr most realistically. Daddy said it sounded to him like the front door bell which was broken and only buzzed, but Cyn knew he was only teasing. He insisted on calling them the "three blind mice," when everyone else declared they were fine cats.

Daddy and Miss Anne and Becky and hundreds of other people came to the Mother Goose Lane. It was held on the school street, which was roped off for the affair and rows of booths put up. There was Contrary Mary and her shells at the novelty counter; Little Boy Blue at the toys; Miss Muffet behind the sandwich-and-ice-cream counter; and all of Mother Goose's children, up and down the street.

But Daddy and Miss Anne and Becky said the "Pussy in the Well" booth was the best of all. The school carpenter had fashioned a round, paper-brick well, on their counter. They would let down the bucket for the lemonade whenever anyone wanted to buy a drink. Of course, the bucket really went through a hole in the counter to the big tub full of lemonade that was underneath. They took turns squatting down there and filling the bucket.

Wild Columbine

By EMILY MILLET MORSE

Welcome to you, wild gypsy flower,
Each springtime brings anew,
Climbing the hills so daringly
With courage gay and true.

To steep and gray New England rocks
Your airy grace you lend,
As in your scarlet petticoat
You dance and nod and bend.

But when you bloom in southern woods
In blue we see you drest,
And all in white on mountain slopes
Out in the north and west.

But we love best your cheerful bloom
On our old rocks so gray,
So here's to the red columbine,
The gypsy flower of May!

Miss Anne had helped make their booth a success. She made a little sign and hung it in front of the red, paper-brick well. The sign said:

"Pure and delicious,
Free from harm.
The proceeds will go
To the Fresh Air Farm."

The lemonade was good, because Miss Anne had helped them make it. All afternoon, they ladled out the sweet, yellow drink, and when they had completely sold out their stock, Miss Anne came over to the counter to help them figure up their profit.

"Now, then, the grocery man sold us the sugar at five cents a pound. We had eight pounds.—"

"Forty cents," Lad piped the answer. Miss Anne rewarded her with a smile, as she wrote numbers on a piece of paper. "We took in this much, but we owe your Daddy this much."

"You subtract!" shouted Cyn and did the problem on the yellow oilcloth that covered the counter. The answer was the very nice sum that they would have to hand over to the Fresh Air Farm, as their share.

"Why, that's arithmetic," marvelled Bud, as Cyn erased the problem with a wet finger. "It is some good!"

"It's fun," said Cyn. "I'm going to tell Daddy that we like arithmetic now."

"No, I shall tell him," contradicted Bud, "I'm the oldest."

"She's *always* the oldest," Lad confided to Miss Anne.

So they all told Daddy at once, when he came back from the grab-bag counter. He had won a little paper fan which he presented to Miss Anne. When he had heard about the arithmetic, he and Miss Anne smiled at each other over the little fan.

They were three tired black cats that

followed Daddy and Miss Anne home in the early twilight.

"Daddy was over at Miss Anne's last night," yawned Cyn.

"Prob'ly went to thank her for our costumes," guessed Bud, twirling her whiskers, drowsily. Then her ears perked up. "Say, this is Saturday, and Miss Anne didn't go home! I just thought of it. First time she's ever missed."

"She just stayed for the Mother Goose Lane and will go home tomorrow morning, early," Lad was walking very carefully as they left the school street and crossed over to the busier one. "I have to hold my tail up, along here, because the boys on the street pull it," she complained. "The wire's all limp."

Miss Anne didn't go home the next morning, early, for they could hear her typewriter, tap, tap, tapping when they went past to Sunday School.

Sundays were rather lazy days. Sometimes, Daddy took them for long walks and sometimes they went on the trolley to the park. Of course, they always had dinner late, for Becky had to go to her church first. Daddy had to read the Sunday papers, too, before they started out. They usually came home about dusk, and got their own supper. Becky had Sunday "evenings,"—(that's what she called afternoons)—off, and went to her sister's or a cousin's. But she always left a big crock of brown beans in the oven, cocoa already mixed on the stove, and cookies. But because Becky was never there, they never had company for Sunday tea. Daddy said it was too much to ask Becky to stay when that was the only time off she had. If company ever did drop in, he would make some thick, clumsy Daddy-sandwiches out of ham and bread, and would send Lad around to the drug store for a quart of ice-cream.

But he never liked company coming on Sunday evenings, anyway, for Becky always scolded him the next day for leaving the kitchen in such a mess and for letting the trio stay up till all hours. Becky was much stricter than Daddy. If they just had Daddy alone, they could have done anything with him. But Becky was "bound and determined that she was going to do a good job of bringing up them three motherless gals," as she told everyone.

Today, Daddy took them for a walk as usual, but they didn't stay very long. In fact, it seemed as if Daddy wanted to go right back. Bud and Cyn and Lad were awfully surprised when they turned in at their own gate to see Miss Anne coming out of the house next door. Why, she hadn't gone home at all! Daddy waited at the gate for her. Why, yes, he was actually holding it open for her, and Miss Anne was saying, "Am I too early for tea?"

"Tea! Oh, my goodness!" thought the trio, "What would Daddy think of her?"

And they did so want Daddy to like Miss Anne, for they liked her themselves so very much. But for her to even drop in at Sunday tea time was bad enough, let alone mentioning tea the very first thing. The three waved to her rather miserably, and went on around the house. Daddy and Miss Anne sat down in the porch chairs and began to talk.

The three held a consultation on the back porch, Bud, being oldest, and the only one who knew anything at all about cooking, was frankly worried.

"Do you think baked beans will be good enough for Miss Anne?" she asked her sisters. "Anyway, we mustn't let Daddy make any of those awful sandwiches out of the roast. He would! We might open up some of Becky's cherry jelly. Miss Anne'd like that. And maybe there's some cole slaw left from dinner. That might look like a salad."

"I hope Daddy won't be cross to her," sighed Cyn.

But Daddy and Miss Anne were laughing together, and he didn't seem cross.

"I'm glad our dresses are still clean," Lad looked at her own frock and then at the others. They were dressed alike in white dotted swisses, with red dots.

The three went into the kitchen, and there was another surprise. The kitchen didn't smell like baked beans. It smelled like company. And there was Becky, her black face all smiles. She was beating biscuits in a yellow bowl.

"Your Daddy asked me to stay this evening," she explained, and she wasn't cross, either!

They peeped into the dining room, where the table was set with the best lunch cloth, that they hardly ever used, and four yellow candles and the little bits of napkins. Daddy always made fun of those napkins. At each of the five places was a plate of chicken salad on green lettuce leaves, and there were olives and celery and radish roses and Becky's good cherry jelly, shivering rosily.

"Why—" they gasped, and hurried back to Becky. "You knew she was coming!"

"That's right," beamed Becky, beating harder than ever.

"Did—did Daddy know, too?" stammered Lad.

"Deedy, he did, child," Becky stuck her black arm into the oven to see if it was hot enough for the biscuits. "Deedy, he did, child—he done invited her!"

(To be continued)

Patsy, "The Perfect Cat"

Mr. Edward E. Whiting, whose love for animals is well known by all readers of Mr. Whiting's column in the Boston Herald, has an article in the April number of *Our Dumb Animals* about a neighbor's cat, "Patsy," which he calls "the perfect cat."

"Patsy," he says, "has his share of

tricks, or individualities. His best performance in these sedate cathood days is sitting up on his haunches when one holds a morsel of food above him. He does not rear and claw. He rises gently, settles back like an expectant squirrel, and waits, his great eyes upward, his fore paws limp, drooping.

"In his younger days he was a frisky cat. He would chase and fetch a spool tossed across the room. Sometimes he recalls this kittenhood delight, and repeats the performance, but with less enthusiasm than formerly. He delights to chase things under the edge of a rug, lying on the floor with one paw above and one beneath the rug, and working his hind paws like a machine.

"One night, about midnight, we admitted him as we came home from an evening out. The family had retired. We admitted him but paid little attention to him once he was in. We were busy hanging up the overcoat, etc. Patsy went straight upstairs, into Mrs. W.'s room, climbed a bureau and lifting the lid from a sewing basket, drew forth a spool of sewing silk, jumped down to

the floor with it in his teeth, jumped with it to the bed, poked Mrs. W. gently with his paw to awaken her, and laid the spool beside her where she could see it. An invitation to play. If that was not reasoning, what was it?

"That's a sample. Patsy thinks—eat thoughts, of course. He is a personality. We know him like a dear friend; and we are flattered to think he holds us in similar esteem. We have known many cats. Patsy is the perfect cat."

Largest Fir Tree Falls

By F. W. FICKLE

The largest Douglas fir tree of which there is any record fell last summer, victim of heavy winds, in dense forests near Mineral, Washington. The disaster gave the forestry service an opportunity to establish its age by counting the rings in a cross section. There were 1,076 annual-growth circles. The tree was fifteen feet, four inches in diameter, waist high. The first limb was ninety feet from the ground and it was 225 feet to the lightning-shattered top.



Mistakeograph

*King David sends for Jonathan's son,
who is lame, and tells him he is to
live as a prince*

How many mistakes can you find in this picture? We have a list of fourteen things that are wrong.

In the picture of *Mordecai Honored by the King*, published in No. 25, there were twelve defects: 1. Horse without eye. 2. Horse without rear leg. 3. Horse's head incomplete from mouth to neck line. 4. One foot small and one large on right side of horse. 5. Decorative tassel on

horse incomplete. 6. Only that part of mane which is braided shows. 7. Rein incomplete. 8. Mordecai dressed as knight with exception of headdress. 9. Combination of bricks and paving stones. 10. One of Haman's hands incomplete. 11. One side of blanket not complete. 12. Girth does not show beneath blanket. 13. Sleeve of man in background incomplete. 14. Tree trunk incomplete.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

18 MAIN ST.,
NORTH EASTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I like *The Beacon* very much, especially the puzzle column. "The Horse with the Roman Nose" I liked the best of all the stories I have read in your magazine. I would like to correspond with a girl about nine or ten years old.

Yours truly,
HAZEL CRAIG (Age 9).

76 ELM RD.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the pin. I go to the Barnard Memorial School of Christ Church, Dorchester. My father is the minister. My teacher's name is Miss Nancy Anderson. I am seven years old.

Yours truly,
CHARLOTTE SINGSEN.

922 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to the Harvard Street Unitarian Church. We have a new minister whose name is Rev. William D. Richards. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Clara Martin. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* every Sunday.

Your friend,
BETTY LEE SHAY.

209 NORTH MAIN ST.,
W. BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading letters and stories from them. I should like very much to wear a pin. I am twelve years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I should like to have some other members write to me.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT FISCHER.

Other new members of our Club are George Clark, West Hartford, Conn.; Helen Muenshen, Ithaca, N. Y.; Melissa Harnell, Laurinburg, N. C.; Anne E. and Jean M. Hubbell, Erie, Pa.

New members in Massachusetts are Mary Bryan, Berlin; Eleanor Frances Baker, Brockton; Lucille W. Drake, Hyde Park; Edward Ingalls Foye, Lynn; Racine Harwood, Quincy; Dorothy L. Maraspin, and Miriam Nash, Winchester; Freda Hutchinson and Robert Matson, Woburn.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

The Beacon Catechism

IX

86. Who are called the Minor Prophets? Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi.
87. What people in America used to name their children after these prophets? The Puritans.
88. What well known saying originated with Hosea? God is love.
89. Joel is the author of what famous passage found in the New Testament? "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."
90. What was the great thing the prophet Amos preached? Social justice.
91. What is social justice? It means that every child born into the world should be given by society free and equal opportunities with every other child to develop the best that is in him or her.
92. Have we realized this ideal of Amos? Partly, and it is our aim to realize it wholly some day.
93. How many Bible verses are there in the whole book of Obadiah? 21.

What's Doing in the Schools

During 1930 several new classrooms were constructed to take care of the increase in Unity Church School, Saint Paul, Minnesota, where the enrolment is now 180. Among these rooms one is equipped as a "workshop" where models of temples, etc., can be made; one is used as a "dramatic workshop," with a stage; and a third is used for a puppet room, where the different classes design their puppets and staging, and act the stories which they have studied in their class work. Special classes working in the puppet-room, workshop and drama-room meet on Saturday mornings for an hour or more, supplementing the Sunday work.

Puzzlers

Charade

My first all follow where one goes,
And give you hair to make your clothes;
My second is spread all over you,
Is used to make a strap, a shoe;
My whole at college is given you
Commencement Day to prove you're
through.

H. O. SPELMAN.

Twisted Names of Seas

1. Ditmerernaena
2. Bbirceana
3. Grebni
4. Mmaroar
5. Pnaisea
6. Hkskoot
7. Braesnt
8. Lennerdag
9. Lraoc
10. Baarnia

CLARK KENDALL,
Belmont, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 31

Anagram Word Square.—

T A M E
A N E W
M E T E
E W E R

Word Square.—

R O M E
O V A L
M A L L
E L L A

Always Behind Time.—1. Accumulate.
2. Immaculate. 3. Ventilate. 4. Oscillate.
5. Percolate. 6. Regulate. 7. Elate. 8.
Gesticulate. 9. Cumulate. 10. Calculate.

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MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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